

SLOGANS OF SUCCESS

By Mason Conklin.

LIFE is very much like a garden. You have to plant to get a crop and want of attention begets weeds.

IN serving out a successful career, the knife of results, to be kept sharp, must constantly be ground on the stones of industry.

THE man with the loudest voice doesn't necessarily present the "soundest" arguments.

SPRING fever is an ailment seldom contracted by a really busy man. He hasn't time to discover the symptoms.

TO come a vacation is a necessary rest. To others it is merely a change of venue in the courts of idleness.

Good Stories Of the Day

Their Longest Run.

"YOUR show was the worst we have ever had here," said the manager of the Hickville Opera House, as he handed the manager of the Fly-by-Night company his share of the box office receipts. "That's queer," said the manager of the company. "Why, when we played in Chicago, we had the longest run in the history of the city." "I'm sorry," replied the manager of the opera house. "Sorry about what?" demanded the manager of the company. "Sorry the audience abandoned the chase," replied the manager of the opera house.—Youngstown Telegraph.

Not for the Consulate.

THE schoolmaster wanted to know whether the boys had an understanding of the functions of a consulate. "Supposing," he began, framing his question in the likeliest way to arouse the interest of his hearers, "supposing some one took you up in an aeroplane, and after a long, exciting flight dropped you down thousands of miles from home, in a country quite foreign, what place would you seek out first of all?" An eager hand was instantly up-lifted. "Well, Willie, what do you say?" "Please, sir, the hospital,"—Hillsburgh Dispatch.

Caught.

WHAT a pretty hat Mrs. Pinky wore this evening. "Did you like it, dear?" "Yes, it was very becoming. Why don't you get hats like that?" "You mustn't blame me if I laugh, John. The hat you like is my hat. Mrs. Pinky borrowed it this evening. It's the 600 hat you called a fright."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

At a Disadvantage.

THERE goes another button!" said the man who was standing with his thumb hitched inside his waistband. "Didn't you know it was loose?" "Of course, I knew it was loose. I knew it was loose just as well as I knew that my hosiery needs a darn- ing, and that I ought to have a lot of needle and thread work done." "Why don't you tell your wife about it?" "I haven't the heart to worry her. You know, she's so sympathetic, she isn't happy unless she's knitting something to send over to Europe. Honestly, sometimes I almost wish I was one of those unhappy Belgians."—Washington Star.

A Shame.

DIDN'T you see me hold up my hand?" asked the traffic policeman. "I must confess that I did," replied the man who was driving his own car. "Then why didn't you stop?" "I lost my nerve. I had just spent three-quarters of an hour getting this car to start and it seemed a shame to lose all that work."—Washington Star.

The Test Supreme.

YOU say that women haven't the endurance of men?" "They haven't." "That they cannot successfully resist unusual mental strain or physical fatigue—that they lack nerve and patience and endurance?" "Yes." "Do you see that little woman over there?" "Yes." "You have never known a man who could endure what she has endured." "Oh! Why, what is she?" "She's the reader of the love stories submitted to a popular magazine."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



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By Harry Loonan

